

## THE CRIME OF THE CENTURY.

A DISTINGUISHED American man of letters was praised the other day for his kindness to young authors. If tried by an impartial and competent jury, I fancy that, instead of praise, there would be the severest censure of his conduct; that he would, in fact, be found guilty of a criminal deed of the most monstrous character. The responsibility of a man who entices enthusiastic and misguided youths and maidens into "Literature as a Profession," is something terrible to contemplate. The conduct of the ogre in the old nursery rhyme of "Jack and the Beanstalk" is benevolent and highly Christian in comparison. The brute who goeth to and fro at night disturbing the slumbers of respectable people with drunken war-whoops is an innocent babe, beside this, worst of destroyers of human peace and happiness, who not only lures the guileless victims of ambition to their finish, but also thereby "aids and abets" them in afflicting humanity with the terrible and growing deluge of things which are books, but which are assuredly not literature.

The rainbow is a pledge, we are told, that the earth is never again to be swallowed up in the flood. But, at the time the rainbow was instituted, the printing press had not been invented, nor was such a thing as the possibility of making paper out of trees dreamed of. I believe there is to be a second deluge; I believe, as Artemus Ward said of the crisis, it is already here—a deluge of books. Every year they are rolling out in countless millions from the binderies of a thousand publishers. Old books in new editions; revised, made-over, annotated, abridged or enlarged, in such fashion that their own authors would not know them. New books, good, bad and indifferent (mostly indifferent). Books of all sizes, shapes and prices, on all conceivable subjects. To say nothing of magazines and newspapers by the million daily.

And still new literary stars (or rather comets) appear in the firmament, shine for a season, and dart off into outer Plutonian darkness. Still the presses continue to reel off paper in hundred-mile lots, with ever-increasing rapidity. The question is, where is it all going to end, either for the author or for the public? No wonder there is no money in literature, and all except the most talented writers find it impossible to do more than hold body and soul together. No wonder that the gentle reader is becoming a nervous, fidgety individual, who starves in a land of plenty, glancing hastily through this book and that; devouring newspapers, or rather their headlines, in street cars and at table; reading much and digesting nothing; eternally haunted with the never-answered question of what he should buy to read and what he should leave unbought.

Editors alone know how many people have not merely literary aspirations, but the positive assurance that they are heaven-born geniuses. These people, as a rule, are not willing to learn how to write, they already know it all. When their manuscripts are sent back, they are convinced that there is a huge conspiracy on the part of jealous editors and authors to shut them out. If they knew that even after years of hard work and disappointment they would, if successful, be in receipt of less income than they could make in any other calling with an equal expenditure of vital force, they would probably not be so anxious to join the great unwashed army of those who are trying to live by the pen, but who would be happier and better-off mixing mortar or holding down janitorships.

I can conceive of no crime more heinous than the encouraging of young authors. They should on all occasions be ruthlessly and unceremoniously "sat upon." If they are composed of good stuff, this will not hinder them from winning success. And even if it does so, with the present plethora of reading matter, will the world suffer or will it be benefitted by the loss?

FELIX VASE.

Ridiculing another for doing something is a good way for a person to advertise his own failures.

## A PROMISING ATHLETE.

MR. J. D. MORROW'S career as a sprinter furnishes an example of how men are governed by what for a better name we call "chance." Five years ago he had no knowledge that he could run well. One day in Toronto a friend jokingly



MR. J. D. MORROW.

challenged him for a 100 yds. dash. The two went to the Dufferin track, where a number of sprinters were training, and Morrow astonished himself and all others by beating the whole field. Since then he has won the 100 yds., 220 yds., and quarter-mile championships of Canada, and the Canadian record for the quarter-mile (50 seconds). This record has been beaten, it is true, on a Canadian track, but by a United States runner (Long), who made it in 49 seconds. Mr. Morrow has run against such sprinters as Stage, of Cleveland; Lyons, Lee and Sands, of New York; and Gifford, of Montreal, and has always acquitted himself with credit.

This fall he has won a great many events at the various college games. He is a second year preparatory student at the Presbyterian College, and is 26 years old. For three years, owing to being out on a mission field every summer, he has been unable to compete for championship honors, but next year he hopes to be in the all-around field events. No fewer than twenty quarter-mile races have been run by Mr. Morrow, and never yet has he been beaten in this distance.

## AS BAD AS THE WAR FEVER.

THE humble clerk now leaves his pen,  
The merchant prince his hoard,  
To join a mighty throng of men  
Who sit upon a board  
And howl in frenzied gladness when  
Another touchdown's scored.

## 300 YEARS BENEATH THE SEA.

A FEW days ago the crew of a trawler engaged in lobster-fishing, near Kinsale, had great difficulty in getting their anchor aboard, which was firmly fixed in some massive hard substance in the sandbank. With great trouble they succeeded in bringing to the surface a very ancient anchor, of five tons in weight, the shank being over 10 feet in length, and the bend of equal proportions, with a small antique cannon attached thereto. The anchor, which probably belonged to one of the ships of the Spanish Armada, which was wrecked on this coast, must have been embedded in the sand for upward of three centuries, and it is covered with marine matter which, in the course of centuries, has been converted into a hard, rocky, fossil substance. The anchor is, of course, considerably worn, but it still presents a very massive appearance, and must have belonged to a large ship.